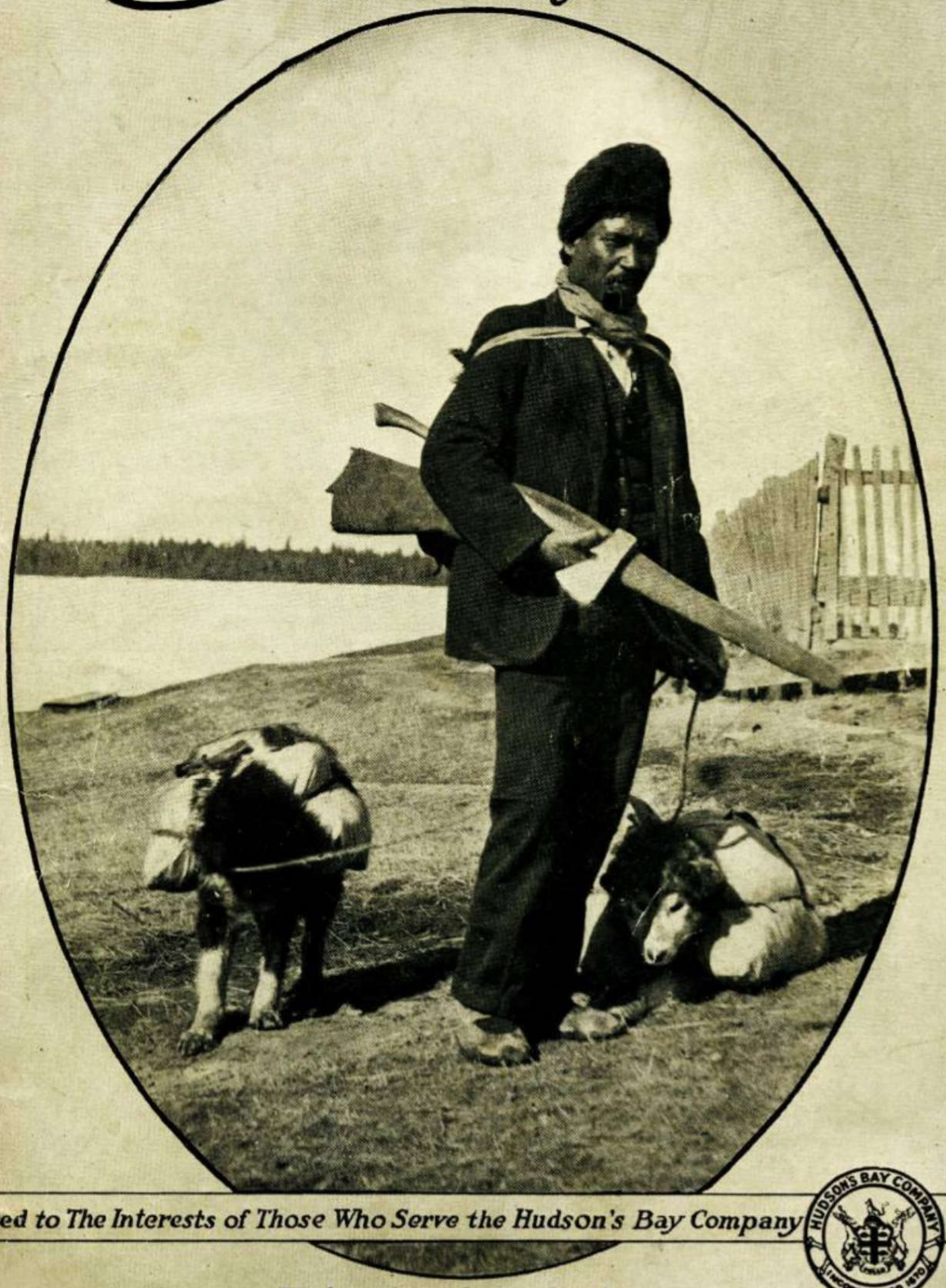
.IV OCTOBER 1923 No. 1

The Beaver

A Journal of Progress

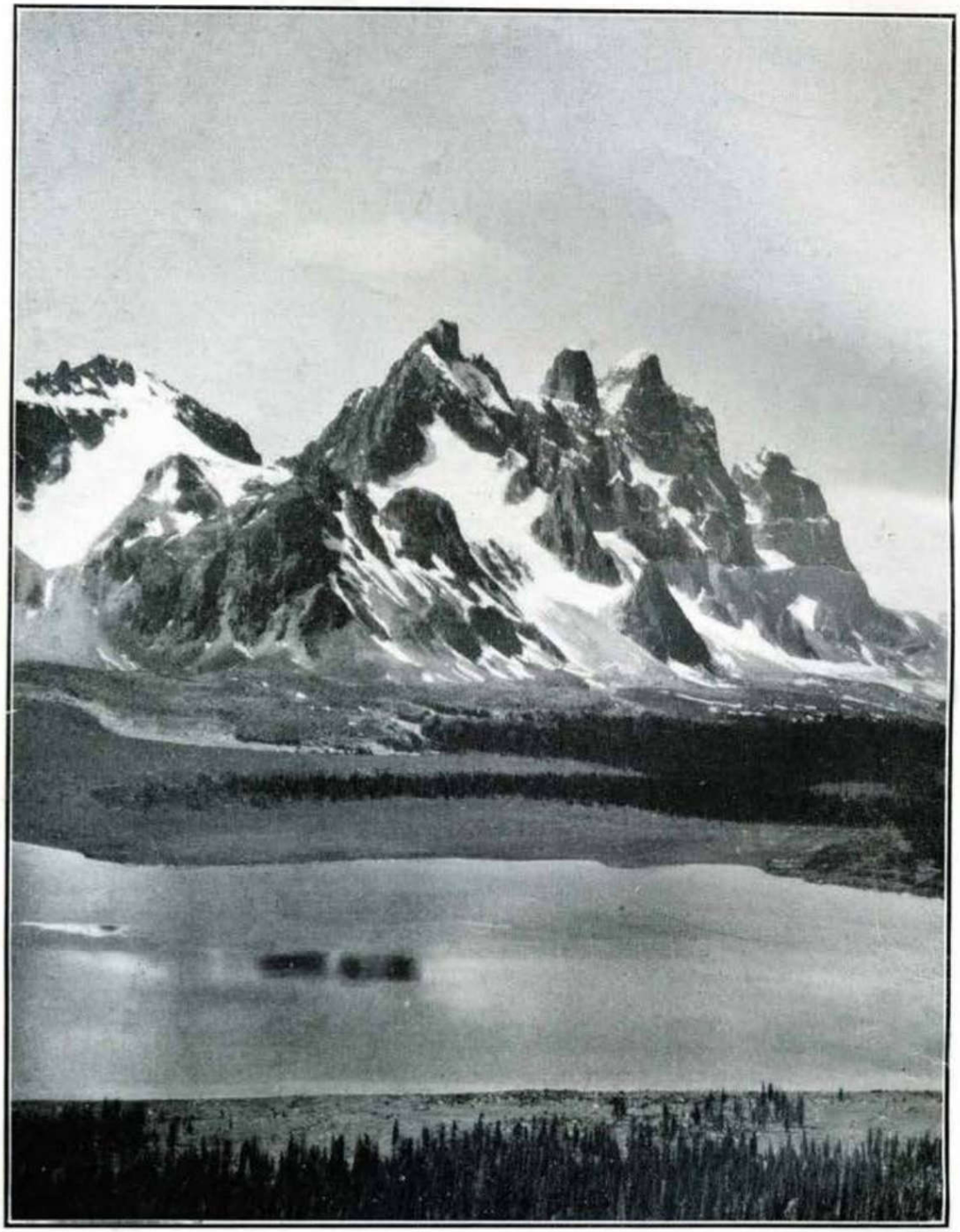


oted to The Interests of Those Who Serve the Hudson's Bay Company

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY INCORPORATED 1670

Indian and pack dogs
at Fort Fitzgerald

NOTE:—Our frontispiece this month is from photograph supplied by Mr. E. R. Gowen, Fort Good Hope.



Beautiful Amethyst Lake

JASPER PARK, ALBERTA

(Courtesy Canadian National Railways)

THE BEAVER

"A JOURNAL OF PROGRESS"

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Our New Editor

THE November number will be the first issue of *The Beaver* under the new editor, Mr. Robert Watson. Mr. Watson has been in the Company's service for six years, having served in Vernon and Saskatoon. During that period, Mr. Watson has devoted his spare hours to literary work and has written several books. Among them are: *My Brave and Gallant Gentleman, The Girl of O.K. Valley, Stronger Than His Sea, The Spoilers of the Valley.* Mr. Watson has been a contributor to *World's Work*, to *Punch*, and also has been an associate editor of *The Beaver* for three years. He brings a broad experience and exceptional talent to his new duties. The retiring editor asks that the staff extend fullest support to Mr. Watson in helping him to make our little household magazine the best publication of its kind.

The City of Homes

THEODORE Roosevelt was having entirely too much influence in New York City. His fearless and indomitable personality was making a good many things impossible which everyone had taken for granted. The corrupt forces of the town prepared to do battle with a really dangerous foe. There must be some weak place in his armor. There must be some damaging aspect to his life. If that could be found he would be in their power. So they reasoned. And so they arranged to have him shadowed every hour of the day and night. He was followed about by searching, remorseless eyes. At last someone told him about it all. A flush of hot anger mounted to his cheek. His comment was brief and trenchant and significant. "What," he said, "when I was going home to my wife and babies?"

There you have it in a sentence. The home is the greatest of the institutions which sweeten and cleanse and uplift the life of the community. There are some things a home pushes away forever from the life of the man who enjoys its mighty ministry. Babies sit upon tiny invisible thrones, and from these thrones all-unconsciously they forbid some things. Fathers suddenly see no end of things with new eyes after they have felt the tiny grasp of the little fingers, which somehow quicken the whole personality to new apprehension and new force and new noble decision.

Mothers come up out of their valley of pain with a mysterious power to command a high allegiance, little knowing themselves the new mantle of authority which has fallen upon them. Big homes and little homes, homes of affluence and homes where life is a constant struggle, have the great and deep secrets in common. Bright and cheerful lights burn there. Loyalty glows upon the hearth fire. Devotion warms the atmosphere in the most bitter days. There a little group of people, bound by ties no human eye can see, together meet the problems of life: thinking the same thoughts, reading the same books, enjoying the same satisfying pleasure. There a happy unselfishness proves a more satisfying thing than the most glitteringly successful selfishness can ever be. *The home is the perpetual miracle of civilization.* It does more to enforce the laws than all the judges. It does more to reduce crime than all the prisons. It can make a man a new person for the testing demands of business. It can send him out with all his fighting strength at his command and all his energy set to the music of a great gladness. It changes good intentions into mastering purposes of goodness. It is a creator of character. It is the supreme protection against all those forces which disintegrate and destroy.

So it comes to pass that the happy city is the city of countless homes. And the city of tragedy is the homeless town. There is no permanent prosperity without multitudes of homes. There is no stable society except upon the foundation of a great home life. The city without homes may have a great past. It has a dark and dolorous future. The city of homes has the solution of all its problems already in its heart. The city of homes can look into the future with clear and candid eyes. The city of homes is the city without fear.—*Lynn W. Hough in The Hudsonian.*

The Betting Disease

THE next twenty years is probably going to be a period of intense industrial and commercial competition throughout the world, and the inefficient will be left behind in the race. Nothing in my opinion, interferes so much with the efficiency of the great mass of people as the present betting disease, which is spreading like a cancer throughout every class of the community. No doubt this notable increase in the habit of betting is one of the many evidences existing to-day of that restlessness and craving for excitement which has manifested itself since the war. Before the war, the nation, with its small debt, may have been in a position to disregard this clog to its general efficiency, but with the weight of our present debt and the certainty of keen competition from our rivals in the future, we cannot afford to encourage a habit which is rapidly undermining our capacity for concentration.—*Sir Robert Kindersley in "Great Thoughts," London.*

H.B.C. and Manitoba

The Great Company's Part in the Building of Winnipeg

By E. K. PAUL

THE progress of H B.C. from fort to store epitomises, to an imaginative mind, more than two centuries of eventful history. The trading posts of the Hudson's Bay Company initiated in the north of the American continent the great commerce of to-day and the still greater business of the future. This is true whether particular forts were or were not geographically connected with particular stores. Winnipeg, however, affords the most striking example of the direct connection between the great Company's forts and stores. Did this link not exist, the story of the Winnipeg forts—Rouge and Gibraltar, Douglas and Garry—would be among the most interesting of the tales of the forts, while the position and growth of the city and the importance of the Company's Winnipeg establishment give a corresponding position to the record of the Winnipeg store.

It was at the junction of the Assiniboine and Red rivers that Verendrye established Fort Rouge as early as 1738. It was over sixty years later, in 1804, that the North-West Company built Fort Gibraltar. A few years subsequently, the Hudson's Bay Company constructed Fort Douglas, named after Thomas Douglas, the fifth Earl of Selkirk, founder of the Red River Settlement. Many are the stories that could be told of the conflicts at the famous forts between the Nor'-Westers and the servants of the Company; but the feuds terminated with the union of the two Companies in 1821, and the first Fort Garry was erected as a trading post and settlers' depot. It was an elaborate structure with stone walls, bastions and portholes.

The building of Lower Fort Garry, nineteen miles down the river, was commenced in 1831. The motive for the selection of this site is not known, but the fort was for a time the residence of the governor of Rupert's Land and the seat of government. In 1835, Upper Fort Garry was begun at the junction of the two rivers, but on higher ground than the earlier structure. This was the centre of business, government, education, and public affairs for more than thirty years, and was the nucleus of the city of Winnipeg. The fort was sold in 1882, and the front gate is all that remains of this historic group of buildings.

For some years after 1821 the Company spent considerable sums in various enterprises calculated to help the settlers. Large funds were consumed in efforts to manufacture buffalo wool cloth, but it cost many times more than English cloth, to which it was inferior. A model farm was established; a tallow company and a flax and hemp company were promoted, but without profitable results. The currency of the time consisted largely of "Hudson's Bay blankets," which were notes for one

consisted largely of "Hudson's Bay blankets," which were notes for one

pound, five shillings, and one shilling each. In such ways as these the Company went outside its normal routine, as it did subsequently in the Island of Vancouver, with a view of promoting the well-being of the settlers.

It would be interesting if we could obtain a complete picture of the life of those days. There were the Red River carts with their plodding oxen, and a varied stream of many types with manners and costumes of the past. The sales shop of the fort was crowded with customers, who obtained their goods by purchase or by the barter of furs. Other shops and stores were established, and the local population was dependent upon the Company for their supplies.

It was in November, 1869, that Louis Riel took possession of Fort Garry and established himself and his followers as the government of the country. He made a prisoner of the proprietor of the only newspaper in the settlement and issued a number of proclamations addressed to the inhabitants of Rupert's Land. The situation was not handled strongly or wisely until the appearance upon the scene of Donald Smith, afterwards Lord Strathcona.

Rupert's Land was retransferred from the Company to the British government, and Colonel Wolseley was sent in command of an expedition to quell the rebellion. As the troops approached Fort Garry, three slinking figures were seen to leave and escape across the Assiniboine; one of these was "President" Riel, who was to be heard of again. In the words of the commander, afterwards Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley, "the Union Jack was hoisted, a royal salute fired, and three cheers were given for the Queen." The transfer of Rupert's Land was complete, and the governing power of the famous old Company was a thing of the past.

In 1874, Winnipeg was incorporated as a city, and since then it has taken full advantage of its unique situation and opportunities. Standing on the eastern border of the prairies, the trade of four vast provinces passes through a narrow belt lying between the international boundary line and Lake Winnipeg. The city stands in the middle of the belt and grows more prosperous and populous year by year.

The fur trade, which led to its beginning, and for a time retarded its advance (for fur traders have little liking for settlers), still continues; but the Hudson's Bay Company, profiting by the progress it has done so much to assist, has extended its enterprise to suit the altered conditions. The most interesting of the forts became one of Winnipeg's largest stores.

The nucleus of the present establishment was completed in 1881, and greatly enlarged in 1900. The front portion was used for the retail business; the back part and the upper floors for the storage of furs and general merchandise.

In 1911, another building was erected on the opposite (east) side of

Main Street, south of the present Union Station; and in this modern

fire-proof structure to-day are grouped the general offices of the Company, executive, audit, accounting, fur trade, wholesale depot and land departments.

In the province of Manitoba—literally the "Great Spirit's Narrows," after the narrows on Lake Manitoba—the Company has no other store, though it has many forts, including York Factory, which have been of the most importance in the development of the province.

Canadian Indians

Runs-With-Another and his wife, noted Assiniboine warrior who fought as a scout under General Nelson A. Miles in the Nez Perce war of 1877. For conspicuous bravery in rescuing two women and two little children from the onslaught of the enemy, Runs-With-Another was personally commended for reward by General Miles. This warrior, aged 80, now lives on the Assiniboine reserve near Indian Head, Saskatchewan. He and his wife have been married since she was fifteen and he was sixteen.

Chief Carry-the-Kettle, aged 107, head-chief of the Assiniboine tribe near Indian Head, Saskatchewan, who died in February, 1923. Chief Carry-the-Kettle was the oldest and most renowned pre-frontier chief left alive on the North American continent. He was leading the Assiniboines to war while Sitting Bull and Poundmaker were still in their infancy. Born on the upper stretches of the Missouri river in 1816, he was noted as warrior and runner in his younger days. By running a distance of some sixteen miles and bobbing up on the horizon at intervals of every few hundred yards, he once led a superior force of Bloods into the belief that they were overwhelmingly surrounded by the Assiniboines, and thereby drove them into a trap which led to their defeat. Beside him stands his wife, aged 85, by whom he is

survived.

Sailing the Hoodoo Ship on Hudson Bay

By CHAS. H. M. GORDON, Fort Alexander

ON one of her annual trips from London to Moose Factory, James Bay, the good ship *Prince of Wales* had as part of her general cargo a small steamer for the use of Rev. J. Peck, then Anglican church minister at Fort George. He considered that it would prove more serviceable than a York boat for his periodical trips among the Indians and Eskimo of the Diocese.

Not having sufficient time to instal the engine, it was left at the factory and the craft was put into commission as an ordinary sailing boat and made her first trip that same fall. Whether or not the missionary to whom it was consigned found it a white elephant on his hands and had it transferred to the Hudson's Bay Company, I do not know, but shortly afterwards the manager in charge of Fort George received instructions from Moose Factory to send it on to that place in time to help the unloading of the H.B.C. ship from England. And here my story begins.

About the middle of August, 1893, we were surprised to see a rakish looking craft, manned by a scratch crew of Indians, slowly enter the harbour at Rupert's House and anchor at the wharf. They said they had left Fort George almost two weeks earlier, got as far as Eastpoint on their way to Moose Factory and were entirely out of provisions. The crew had struck and would not go further (they said her build prevented her from getting shelter in the usual harbors along the coast), and they wanted transport back to Fort George.

As the time for the boat to be at Moose Factory had almost elapsed, Factor McTavish called upon *Namacoose*, an old reliable whom the Company had always depended upon to sail their York boats from Rupert's House to Moose Factory, to make the trip, and was greatly surprised when he flatly refused to do so. Evidently the Fort George Indians had given him a not very flattering account of her sailing qualities. We learned afterwards that *Namacoose* had been conjuring the preceding night and said that whoever tried to sail her would get into trouble, as the boat was hoodoo, and, as his powers were recognized by all the coast Indians, the regular boat hands were afraid to go. Then volunteers were called for. I had just finished the accounts of the district, which were to be sent along as usual by canoe, so, considering it a good opportunity for a holiday, I for one answered the call, and in a short time we had a full crew made up of William Corston as skipper (though retired and settled at Rupert's House after having served almost half a century with the Company, he had handled boats all his life and was fully competent to take command); William Moore, blacksmith, one of the most reliable men we had at that time in the Bay; John Stewart, canoe builder, and Henry Fraser, cattle keeper.

Henry Fraser, cattle keeper.

We started, flag flying, with a moderate breeze from the east, and had a thoroughly enjoyable sail, making a good harbour about forty-five miles

Types of Baffin Island Eskimos—(Left to right) Amilikak, Aroatak, Trokok and Aopollokta.

from the place. The following day, the wind being again fair, we started at first daylight, our intention being to hug the shore as close as safety allowed until we got to Eastpoint, from there to strike across Hannah bay to Big Stone and so on until we reached the Moose river. Our remarks concerning the previous skipper and crew were anything but complimentary, as we all decided that outside of her rakish build and instability, she was everything that could be desired.

The morning was bright and clear, except for some low dark clouds on the horizon which we thought the heat of the day would dispel; but after a couple of hours sailing they looked threatening, with rumbling of distant thunder, and, as the wind had somewhat shifted, the captain considered it better to turn back until it became more settled. The coast line between Rupert's House and Big Stone is a very dangerous one, rock-strewn and few safe harbours, except for small craft, when the tide recedes. The sand bars extend for miles seawards, and we found later on that a strong current ran outwards which would soon put a craft out of its course if the wind were too light.

After waiting for some time, the thunder clouds that had assumed such a threatening aspect scattered and the wind, although light, returned to the east, from where it had been blowing in the early morning when we had started. As we were all eager to make a record trip, we again set sail and went merrily along, all hands being confident we would not be far from the fort at sundown if the wind kept up, as we found out that it required a stiff breeze to make our craft show her heels.

Our skipper lay down for a well-earned rest after giving the helm over to Fraser with instructions to steer as near as he could towards Eastpoint, and to awaken him later on. The rest of the crew followed suit, leaving Fraser in command. We had been sailing, or rather drifting, quite a while, but had not made much headway, and found that the current

already referred to was causing us to drift seawards and would make it extremely difficult to regain our course if a wind did not spring up. Our skipper by this time was wide awake and showed his anxiety at the idea

of our being so much to the leeward of Eastpoint. But nothing could be done. We lay like "a painted ship on a painted ocean," our sails flapping idly.

During this time thunder clouds began to gather ominously, and the sound of thunder could be heard in the distance, whilst streaks of jagged lightning illuminated the sky. Everything portended a violent storm. It did not take very long. With a roar it struck us, and for a few minutes we all thought we would founder; but, shaking herself free of the falling waters, she went tearing before it, steering a course to where we had started that same morning. Our only salvation, we thought, was to reach the harbour before darkness set in. With the wind came a downpour of rain as if the heavens were opened, followed by a terrific hailstorm with hailstones the size of marbles which played such a tattoo that nothing else could be heard.

In a short time the sails that were loose and the rigging was a frozen mass, whilst the deck was so coated with ice that it was difficult to move around. Every wave that struck the boat broke over her and drenched us to the skin. The storm, which continued to rage in all its fury, tried to beat us, but our captain would not give in one iota. The hail had now stopped beating down upon us, and the downpour of rain caused the wind to be less violent. Peering through the twilight, we imagined we were close to our harbour and, getting in the lee of a point, we put down our anchor, but found that the semi-darkness had deceived us, as we were yet a long way off. The wind became more violent. We found that we were dragging our anchor, so had to make for the open again. By this time we could only see the land dimly, and our skipper, whose voice could scarcely be heard above the roar of the wind and waves, said it was impossible to make the harbour, that we would surely founder should be put out to sea, or dashed to pieces if we hugged the shore. He decided that our only chance was to make a landing somewhere before darkness set in. So, Moore and Stewart, who both knew the coast, stood in the bow giving the direction for our skipper to steer. In the meantime Fraser and myself lightened the boat by throwing out ballast. On account of her height, she was heavily ballasted with stones, which, if it did prevent her from rising to the waves, kept her steady. We had done everything we could and only prayed that we would not strike a rock in our endeavours to make a landing.

As we turned towards the shore, we could see the waves thunder and break on the rocks. Through the turmoil we could hear Moore yell "starboard, starboard," and the boat, like a live thing, would answer to the helm; then it would be a shout from Stewart, waving his arms in that direction, "larboard, larboard," and slowly we would edge away, whilst

all this time the waves were washing over us. Every moment we thought she would strike, being well aware there were sunken rocks right in our course which, if struck, would prove the finishing touch to boat and crew. But, by what was a miracle of good seamanship and good luck, we made

the only safe entry (outside of a harbour) on that rock-bound coast. We were now out of danger, and, if the waves did batter us, we took it philosophically, knowing it would only be for a short time, as the tide was fast receding; so we propped up our boat with poles and, getting out our wet blankets, we tried to make ourselves as comfortable as possible amongst the ballast in the bottom of the boat.

Fortunately I had a bottle of port wine which was given me before starting to treat the "boys" at the fort. I considered this was the best time to make use of it; so, breaking the neck of the bottle, I divided it amongst the crew, and in a short time we were all fast asleep.

By the first glimmer of daylight we were all on deck, and were amazed to find that we were high and dry past the water line on to the marsh, with the tall timber only a gunshot away, and, on looking seaward could just make out the fringe of the waves breaking gently on the shore a good mile or more away. Then we realized by what a miracle we had escaped. The course we had come through in landing was strewn with immense boulders of every shape and size. What saved us was the unusually high tide, for in many places we had sailed over rocks which otherwise we would have struck.

We soon had our tent up, a good fire lighted and the first real meal since the previous morning. Then we had a council meeting. As it was evident there was little prospect of floating the boat and that our provisions were not sufficient to warrant us delaying much longer, it was decided that Stewart would walk along the coast in the direction of Rupert's House to the highlands and make a big smoke so as to attract attention at the post. Mr. Corston and Fraser, with whom we left the bulk of the provisions, were to remain with the boat, whilst Moore and I paddled to Moose Factory, taking the accounts along with us. Our trip was uneventful, except that in crossing a part of Hannah bay we were left high and dry on the sand bars miles from the shore and had to find our way in the darkness to a place of safety before the tide came in. We had no tent, so had the mosquitos to contend with. The game, especially plover, was plentiful and, as Moore carried a gun, we had all the provisions we required. We had to remain for half a day within sight of the fort on account of high winds, but finally got there and reported to Chief Factor Broughton, who was in charge of the southern department at that time.

Next day Captain John Taylor, with five of the crew of the schooner *Mink*, in a large bark canoe, started for the scene of the "wreck." Mr. Moore and myself were allowed a few days' respite before starting on our return journey, which we did by canoe.

It transpired that those at the post, as soon as they saw the dense smoke which Stewart made on the highlands, guessed the reason and sent a rescue party with our old friend *Namacoose* in charge. The natives had it that it was he who caused the storm, having conjured our skipper for having the temerity to take charge of the boat after he had backed out.

Captain Taylor and crew, with the Rupert's House Indians' assistance, soon got the boat rigged and floated and made a good trip back to Moose Factory. Our captain, Stewart and Fraser took passage back with *Namacoose*, who, I understand, was very sarcastic in his remarks regarding the capabilities of white men in general and of his passengers in particular. Captain Taylor, who had just made the passage from Fort George to the factory with the schooner *Mink*, told me it was the worst storm of hail, thunder and rain that he had ever experienced. The hailstones were as large as hens' eggs, he said. No doubt there are many who can remember the big hailstorm which played havoc with so many Indian canoes at Moose Factory. Our worthy skipper, Mr. Corston, has long ere now joined the great majority; as has also Stewart, if I mistake not. Henry Fraser went back to Shetland shortly afterwards, whilst Wm. Moore is still going strong at Moose Factory. At the time of the 250th anniversary, he had 49 years' continuous service—a gold medallist with three bars.

HIS FATHER'S LESSON

Cohen placed a ladder against the side of the house and then called his son Abie, age seven. After some difficulty he got the boy to mount to the top.

"Now jump," commanded Cohen.

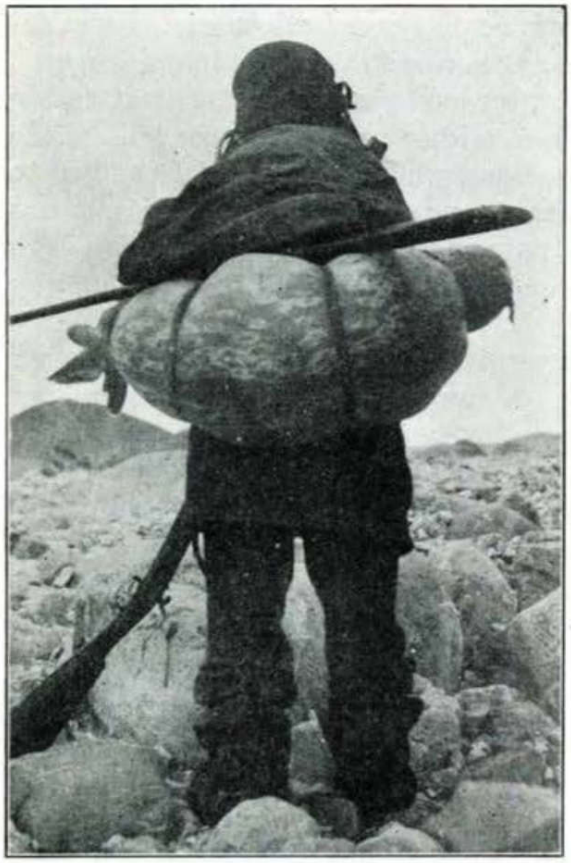
"I'm frightened," replied Abie.

Cohen held out his arms.

"Do as papa tells you, jump; papa is here."

Finally Abie did jump. Cohen stepped aside and poor Abie fell with a bump.

"Let that teach you a lesson never to trust anybody," said Cohen.



A native seal hunter at Fort Churchill with his quarry strapped to his back.

Illustrating the Ungava Eskimo method of harnessing dogs (Kogmalik hitch). As many as twenty dogs are used in one team, although seven to eleven is the usual number.

Nanakawekapow's Black Fox Factory

By W. H. HUTTON, Pas Mountain Post

Some books are lees frae end to end
And some great lees were never penned.
—Robert Burns.

To the Editor—The majority of folks in the service of *The Great Traders of The Great West* are so well informed and up-to-date that they are in danger of getting *blase*, and it takes an exceptionally good joke or a ten-ton derrick to raise a smile on to their benignant countenances. The following is perhaps in the same class as the ten-ton derrick, for I can assure you it would not be taken as a joke by any conscientious H.B.C. factor, unless it had happened to a free trader. Then it would be a joke indeed. If the enclosed nonsense is of any use for insertion in *The Beaver*—even if you have to put it through the chopper, as my better-half sometimes has to do with a bit of tough moose meat; even, again, if you throw it in the waste paper basket in disgust—why, go to it! This is not, by any means, all the foolishness we are capable of, so don't worry about hurting our feelings. Yours faithfully, W. H. HUTTON.

FOR a number of years before joining the Company's service, and for four years afterwards, I was working as a steamboat engineer, most of the time on waters that were quite far from any civilization. To get out to fit up machinery in time for the spring breakup, sometimes I had to make trips of several days' duration with dogs to reach the place where my boat was laid up, and it was on one of these trips that I heard the following story from a Hudson's Bay factor, whose guest I was for the night.

After supper we were seated very comfortably in the factor's living room, pipes filled with the famed *Imperial Mixture* and drawing well, when something was said which drew from me the quotation from Bret Harte:

"For ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain
The heathen Chinee is peculiar."

This seemed to touch a sore spot in the factor's cosmos, for with considerable heat he replied, "Yes, but there are others!" and at once started the following story:

"No doubt you are aware this has been a very good year for foxes. Reds have been plentiful and full-furred, cross foxes the same; but you would be surprised if I was to tell you the number of blacks I have shipped out this winter, most of them caught by old man *Nanakawekapow* and his son, Petit Pierre, who have been camped up the lake on Crow Duck bay since last fall. At least, most of them were sold to me by the old man and his relations, but I did not attach any significance to that until nearly two months ago. I had begun to wonder about two things. One was the large number of black foxes coming practically all from one family, and the other was the large number of tin wash boilers I had sold since last fall. One load of freight I had in January had so many tin boilers on it that it looked like a load of hay, and at the time when I began to "smell a rat" there were only three of them left. Of course the first thought that entered my mind was that there must be some connection between my large sale of wash boilers and my large collection of black foxes. Well, I thought, the books will show. But I was not prepared for what they did show; and what I found out from them gave me so much to think about that it nearly had me crazy in less than a week. For every black fox the old man and his son had sold me they had each taken out three wash boilers.

"Before a month was out I was pretty well worn to a shadow trying to solve the puzzle I had unearthed. So one fine, warm day, when not very busy, I resolved to take the dogs and run up as far as old *Nanakawekapow's* camp to see if anything could be discovered right on the ground. The day was a very fine one, and I went away without my goggles, for which I was sorry before I had gone more than five or six miles across the lake. By the time I had reached the old man's camp I was nearly snow-blind. The camp was just in off the shore about 400 yards, and the snow was drifted all along the shore about fifteen feet deep, so that one had to go up a hill on the lake side and shoot down another on the land side to get to the camp. I had gotten out of the sled to climb this hill and was just going to jump onto it again about halfway down the other side, when something caught my foot and I went sprawling on my face to the bottom, while the sled upset, one of the lashings getting under a snag, which brought the dogs to a standstill.

"I got to my feet unhurt but cursing the thing that tripped me up, which I noticed, in my half-blind condition, looked like a billet off the end of a good-sized log. On closer inspection, this turned out to be the end of a tin wash boiler sticking out of the snow. I was surprised that it appeared to be a new boiler. It seemed to have been rubbed so much across the end that all the tin was worn off, and the handle was gone. My curiosity was now so fully aroused I started to dig the thing out. This was no hard matter, and I soon had it out examining it all round. The other end had no handle either, and was rubbed in the same fashion; only for this it was to all intents and purposes a new tin wash boiler. Well, I was just on the point of throwing it away in disgust, when

I noticed what looked like another one at the bottom of the hole. This set me to digging again, the result being that at the end of an hour I had dug up 120 tin wash boilers, every one of them as good as new, never having been in contact with fire, but minus the handles and so much rubbed over the ends that the tinning was all gone and they were starting to get rusty at these points.

"Now, here was a pretty kettle of fish. What was the solution? I looked at the dogs where they were lying, and concluded I would just leave them where they were and walk on to the camp by myself. So, stretching them out in line and tying the leader to a tree so that they would not get into a fight before I came back, I started for the old man's camp on foot. This was a happy inspiration, if I had only known it at the time; but it was only afterwards that I realized how lucky it was I did not take the dogs with me. You see, if I had driven a train of dogs up to the camp, the old man would have heard us coming; but, being alone on foot, I was right on the old rascal before he was aware of it and I had him 'with the goods.' He was so busy with his work that I was standing right over him watching him for a few seconds before he looked up and saw me.

"There is no use asking you to guess what he was so busy at, for I don't believe you would guess it in a month of Sundays. In fact, it took me some time to get the thing through my head, although I was standing right there while the old villain with a wash boiler without any handle set on its end between his knees kept lightly and quickly rubbing a common red fox over the boiler, for all the world like a bootblack I once saw on a trip to Winnipeg about ten years ago. But eventually light came to me. I remembered getting a few drinks of Scotch from a fellow who was out electioneering and was carrying his supplies in coal-oil tins. He had been on the road for about a month, and his whiskey was about the color of good ink, and tasted just like good ink, but it still had the kick left. He explained to me that it was only oxide of tin that made the booze black, the alcohol eating it off the can.

"So here was old *Nanakawekapow* getting the same results by friction, coupled with the natural electricity in the fur which made the oxide stick to the hair, and turning red foxes to black at the trifling cost of three tin washboilers at $2.50 each."

Clerk's office at Fort Chimo, Ungava, with Job Edmonds ready to leave. Job was a faithful servant of H.B.C. at Chimo for over 30 years.

Reminiscences of H.B.C. Pioneers

I. ALEXANDER LILLIE.

A Fife man, like Sir Sandford Fleming and Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Alexander Lillie entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1854 when twenty-three years of age, and passed his first trial winter at Norway House under Chief Factor Barnstone, who was a noted naturalist, always in quest of botanical and entomological specimens, in which the young clerk took special interest also—grubs and flowers and weeds. In 1856 Mr. Lillie was transferred to Fort Ellice, Swan river district. In 1857, having been appointed to Lower Fort Garry, he made a special trip to St. Paul, Minnesota, for sheep and oxen, and he, his whole stock, and party narrowly escaped the scalping knife of the famous and atrocious Sioux Indian chief "Sitting Bull."

Mr. Lillie was known to Sir George Simpson, governor of the company, to have had considerable experience in farm management in his native Fifeshire, and he was forthwith charged with the first establishment of an experimental farm there under the Hudson's Bay Company. He superintended the farm for some years with success far beyond the fondest expectation. Indeed, had anyone, however sane, said fifty years ago that the wheat crop of the Red river district would one day be an important factor in the total yield of Canada, he would have been looked upon as a wild visionary, so universal was the ignorance respecting the climatic conditions and the agricultural possibilities of that or any other section of the vast Hudson's Bay territory in the regions beyond Lake Superior. But so amazing was the success of the enterprise that, when I arrived at Lower Fort Garry in October, 1859, upon going round the place on the first morning, I quite imagined I had peradventure fallen from the sky into a large farmyard in the county of Midlothian, so great were the number of wheat, barley and oat stacks in the farmyard in the wilderness.

In December, 1860, Mr. Lillie married Harriet, the daughter of the late Andrew McDermot, the real founder of the city of Winnipeg. While in charge of Lower Fort Garry, his personal popularity and unbounded hospitality made the place quite a social center for the Red river colony—the officers of the Company and prominent settlers making it a favorite week-end resort. Thus, his marriage created no small sensation from down the Red river to far up the Assiniboine river, all the aristocracy being invited *en masse*. As a lad of sixteen years, naturally, I was but an insignificant dot in that vast assembly, but I recall how, towards morning, there was great rejoicing in the dancing hall at the appearance of two couples who were to dance a reel by themselves, which they did with characteristic native zest. They were two Scotch half-breeds and two French half-breeds of immense corporality and unique dimensions. John Rowland, of Silver Heights (Lord Strathcona's property), and

a brother of Dr. Rowland, of Quebec (who was attached to Sir George Simpson's celebrated expedition around the world in 1841-42), turned the scales at twenty-five stones, whilst Jas. McKay weighed twenty-six stones; Mrs. McKay (Mr. Rowand's sister) turned the scales at 24 stones; and the bride's mother (*nee* McNab) weighed 23 stones; equal to 1,372 pounds avoirdupois!

Two years later, Mr. Lillie was appointed to Fort Carlton, Saskatchewan, where he had the honor of entertaining the Right Hon. Lord Milton and Dr. Walter Cheadle, who wintered nearby on their famous overland journey to the Pacific, 1862-63. In 1863, he took a leap in the dark by quitting the service of his old company and forming a strong party (Messrs. McDermot, Bannatyne and Lillie) in direct opposition to the H.B.C.; but after a few years of outside experience he had the wisdom to return to the fold, a wiser and probably a repentant sinner. Afterwards he did duty at Cumberland House, and finally was appointed to Fort Alexander, Lac la Pluie, where he proved of great assistance to Colonel Wolseley's expedition in 1870 en route to Fort Garry to quell the Louis Reil rebellion.—*Roderick Campbell.*

The Empty Album of History

THE camera was invented several thousand years too late, says Maxwell Pitkin in *Cosmopolitan's* "The Better Way." Khufu should have done it instead of building the great pyramid.

Khufu thought about it, I'm sure. He had sculptors do him carefully in stone. "There is no face quite parallel to his in all the portraits that we know—Egyptian, Greek, Roman, or Modern," says Professor Flinders Petrie. "As far as force of will goes, the strongest characters in history would look pliable in this presence."

Very possibly. But we don't know. Sculptors have a trick of idealizing great persons, and so do artists and poets and royal chroniclers. If their eyes didn't observe discreetly they were jabbed out.

I'd like to see a snapshot of Dido. How would Helen of Troy, stripped of majesty and sapphires, stack up with Gilda Gray? But antique photographs would do more than satisfy modern curiosity. They would make history real. A dozen simple snapshots would link the centuries together and destroy the illusion of time.

Egypt is popularly visualized as a stretch of sand with jutting pyramids and a stone sphinx. Greece is a shattered column of marble. Persia and Babylon hardly take form in the imagination at all. Palestine is a temple, a pasture and a manger. Rome is a forum, a senate, an amphitheatre, an arch, a stone road, an aqueduct. All dead, all cold, all unreal and infinitely remote, where saints and emperors walked in flowing robes, philosophized, wrote verse, delivered orations, murdered, bathed, attended

pectacles, fell on their swords. Bas-reliefs and statues moving in mute majesty in a marble world.

Inspired pens have brought these worlds to life, given them color, noise, merriment, vice, homeliness, reality.

But the generality of mankind do not read. They look at pictures. And the pictures they see can be found in high school histories! String across the blackboard twelve photographs and twelve empires would spring to vivid life in the minds of men. A panorama, for instance, of the 100,000 slaves who built Khufu's great pyramid, grouped at its base in their loin cloths, grinning at you across four thousand years.

A flashlight of Alexander, his captains and cronies leering over their wine cups in a Babylonian banquet hall. A tintype of Diogenes the Cynic standing on a street corner in Athens with his lantern, or peeping caustically out at the photographer from his wine cask. A daguerreotype of Solomon on the front steps of his cedar temple in Jerusalem with eight or ten of his comeliest helpmeets grouped around him.

A studio portrait of Hannibal, or Attilla or Charlemagne, gnarled and seamed and weather-beaten and kingly. A sepia print of Cleopatra gliding down the Cyndus in her jewelled barge. Such photographs, my friend, would be worth many, many pages of Plutarch, Caesar, Gibbon, Grote and Shakespeare.

Empires are dead and buried in words because their wise men failed to discover the immortality that lies in a little black box and a glass lens.—*The Kodak Magazine.*

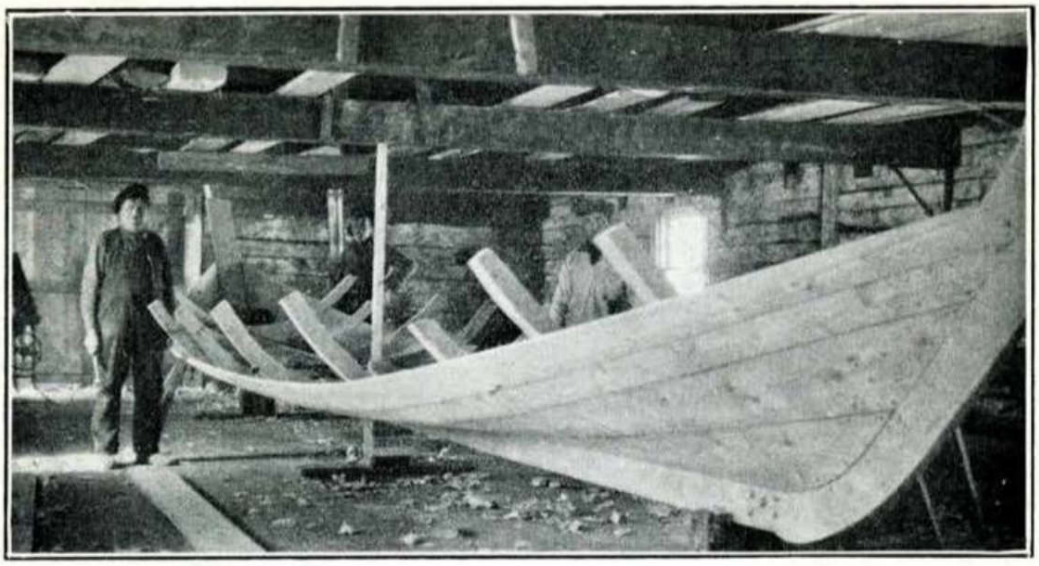
The Commissioner

(Fur Trade Department)

AS every boy in the United States aspires to be president some day, so probably every lad in the H.B.C. fur trade service has ambitions to become commissioner. But there can be only one commissioner at a time, and furthermore it is not every young man who has the proper qualifications—and serving Chipewyans with a bland smile requires a particularly even temper. When a lad has won out along this line, he has at least one qualification necessary in a future commissioner.

Although the commissioner in his office does not actually meet "Chips," he is obliged to "assimilate" a great number of hard luck stories from post managers, district managers, fur buyers and transport men in explanation of an unsatisfactory season. But this is not the worst side of the matter, for after the commissioner has "absorbed" these stories, either sympathetically or with quick reprimand, he is under the necessity of passing reports along to the board, who are "watchfully waiting" from a distance, as it were, and expecting the best of results.

But being able to serve "bad actors" like the Chipewyans with a bland smile is after all the acid test for a young man aspiring to the commissionership.—*Anonymous.*



York Boat under construction at Norway House, 1923. Photo by R. A. Talbot.

H.B.C. Inland Transport

I. Building the York Boat

By A. A. McDONALD

TRANSPORT of fur trade supplies inland was, and continues to be, a vital factor in the operation of the Company's posts and districts distant from railway lines or steamboat service. The "York" boat (sometimes called the "Inland" boat) was at one period practically the only means of transporting merchandise from one post to another and from one district to another.

The dimensions of the boats differed according to the routes on which they were used. In localities where there was a large number of "launchers" and the boats were hauled over portages, 28 to 30 feet was the length. On routes where there were no "launchers," the length was 38 to 40 feet, the beam was seven to eight feet and the depth three and a half to four feet. On some occasions these measurements were varied for some special reason. The planking on the boats was one and a quarter inches, with the edges slightly bevelled outward so that when the caulking was pounded in and the wood had swollen with water the oakum would not be forced out of the seam.

This article will deal with the building of these boats, which was usually done at the head post of each district. In earlier days it was not a case of just ordering anything that might be required. H.B.C. posts and districts were obliged largely to rely on their own resources to make anything which was required. Old country carpenters, blacksmiths, fishermen and other artisans were sent out under long-term contracts. Supplies of rod and bar iron and steel were sent in, and from these the blacksmith made his own nails and tools.

Operations for building York boats began usually in July or August by hiring ten, twenty or more suitable men handy with the axe to get out "boat wood." The boat builder or his assistant went as boss of the gang, and they were supplied with a York boat, together with all necessary coverings to protect them from the rain. They carried enough provisions for two weeks or more, dependent on how much "boat wood" was to be secured. Wood used in the planking of the boats was required to be clean of knots and straight in grain to stand steaming and bending to the shape of the model. Ordinary spruce was used for the planking, keel and ribbing, though sometimes tamarac was used for the keel and ribs.

When the gang arrived, in a day or perhaps two days from the post, at a point where there was good timber, they would begin getting out logs marked by the boat builder as suitable and cut them in lengths of 15 or 20 feet. A number were cut 30 to 40 feet, according to the number of keels to be laid. All these logs were pulled out to the shore by man power with ropes and portage straps. While the men were getting the logs out, the boat builder was looking underground for roots bent at the right angle to make the timbers, and these were then cut out.

A raft was then made of the logs and the roots loaded on top. Some roots were put into the York boat and the return trip begun, sails and poles being used to propel the craft. On arrival at the post the raft was broken up and the logs and roots hauled up to the saw-pit, where they were all sawn up by a whipsaw, with a man on the top of the stage on which the log was placed and one man below; hence the expression of "the top sawyer." A day's cut for two men would be from 15 to 25 boards. The logs were sawn in the round, in order to give the boat builder as much room as possible for cutting the planking, as the planks were of different shapes.

The day on which the keel was taken into the boat shed to be hewn, shaped and planed, an important entry was made in the daily journal. When the keel was placed on the stocks and levelled properly, the ceremony was gone through of holding a watch against the butt at one end and listening for the tick at the other end. *If the tick sounded distinctly*, the keel was a perfect piece of wood, while if not there was an imperfection somewhere, perhaps red-wood in the heart, and at times the keel was rejected. After the keel came the stem and stern crooks, which were spliced on and bolted to the keel with bolts and nuts made by the blacksmith. Then came the "dead wood," usually tamarac, being a square piece bolted to the stern and stern crooks on the inside of the boat. These were what the ends of the planks were nailed to, both the bow and stern. This "dead wood" was shaped by an adze as the planking proceeded, and was cut as each plank was added.

The next operation was putting on the false timbers on which the planks were bent to the shape of the model. After the planks were cut into shape, they were steamed in a steam-box, which was a long box with a furnace under a large kettle having a pipe running into the steam-box.

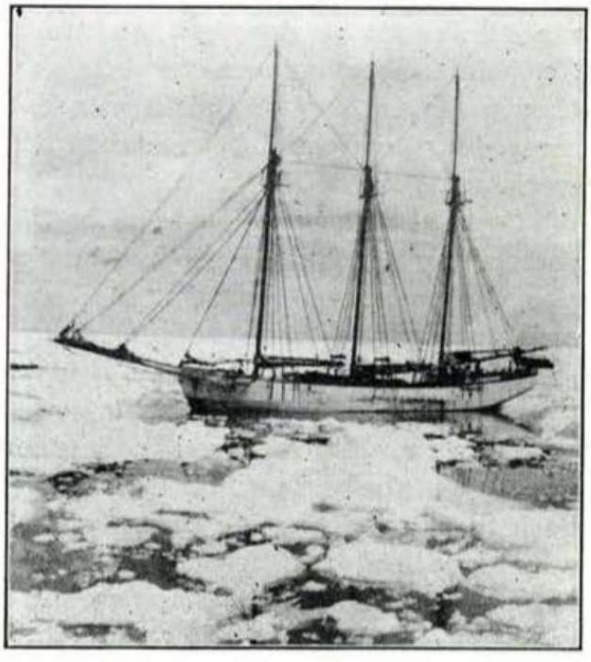
From five to ten minutes in this steam would be sufficient to make the boards quite pliable and easy to fit into shape on the timbers. After planking was completed, excepting the two top strokes, which were clinkers, the real timbers were put in. These timbers were sawn out of the roots by the pitsaw method, usually two inches thick. The moulds or patterns were placed on them and the shape traced, after which they were cut out by a frame saw on the same principle as fret-work is done.

The nails used in nailing the planks on the timbers were clinched inside, while the clinkers were rivetted with copper rivets made out of the copper hoops which were on the 66-lb. powder kegs used in importing gunpowder. Gunwales for the oar pins were put in. The iron stern and stern plates were put on the stern and stern posts of the boat. Thwarts were then put in, one in the centre, and one about six feet from the bow, and another six feet from the stern. The stern sheets or accommodation for passengers was then put between the back thwart and the stern.

The boat was then completed, and the entry was made in the daily journal. From twenty to thirty days was the general time, depending on the ability of the boat builder and his assistant. The boat was then run out of the boat shed, caulked with oakum and boiled pitch and tar mixed and rubbed on. After this was rubbed all over the outside, it was burnt over with birch bark torches and rubbed smooth with a canvas mop. The boat was then completed and put into the water, filled and allowed to soak for two or three days. After this treatment the boat was usually tight enough to carry cargo.

A close account was always kept of the actual cost of construction, and the posts supplied with new boats were charged accordingly.

The next article will deal with the life of a York boat and the general details of the H.B.C. transport.



"The Burleigh," which formerly carried supplies for the Church of England mission on Baffin Island. The photograph was taken off Lake Harbour post of H.B.C. when the ship was icebound.

Three Indian trappers of H.B.C. on the desolate coast of Hudson Bay.

Life Among the Babine Indians

By AN H.B.C. POST MANAGER'S WIFE

THE Indians, from their own point of view, are a highly intelligent class of people. To use the Indian expression, "Indian man smart man; white man no good." Be that as it may, they appear to look up to the white race in a marvelous way, a white woman being in their estimation a sort of deity as it were.

To the Indian, life is one long problem, trying all the while to find out the best way to get ahead of the white man, and sometimes wandering a long way from the desired goal. We have here in our midst a miscellaneous collection of characters, some good, some bad, and an equal number rather indifferent. The men as a rule do not do a great amount of work, of the heavy kind especially, and this usually falls to the women's lot. In my opinion, and from what I have seen, the average Indian has more liking for his dog than his wife. They have, however, a great love for their families, and measure their worldly wealth by the number of boys they possess. Several Indian men have at different times told me that some day they would be rich men when their boys were old enough to work.

Usually, when making long, hard trips, the wife has to pack about three times as much as her husband or the dogs, and quite often has to pack a baby as well. During the heavy snow season she has to go ahead and break trail on snowshoes for many miles at a stretch, followed by the men and children, and nearly always accompanies her husband on his trapping expeditions, where she may have as good a catch as he.

There are a few real good Indians here who go out and camp for months at a time in the best part of the trapping season. These men usually come back to town with a fine assortment of skins, which they sell to the best advantage and can live quite comfortably on the proceeds. Again, there are the Indians who hang around town most of the year. They may go out at odd times, set a few traps, come back again, and not go near them

for weeks, and sometimes two months elapse before they will pay them a visit. Usually, when they do get any fur, it is of a very poor quality, and sometimes unmarketable. This makes them wonder why another Indian gets a good price and they do not. In summer they fare badly at times, as they do not make enough to tide over the slack times between seasons. Nearly all the men play poker and lose their money.

During August and September the Indians fish for salmon, which they dry and smoke for winter use for their families and dogs. Some seasons they have a fine catch, while in others the catches are very poor.

Town is very quiet while the fishing is on, as all the Indian families go down Babine river and on down the lower lake for ten or twelve miles, some by canoe and the more wealthy ones by gasoline boat. Should you visit them at this time you would find them as busy as a hive of bees, but the moment anything unusual happens, such as a death, they will all come up river again and spend several days potlatching on account of it.

In one way the Indian is different from the white man: he can remove his household goods at any time and have no expense in connection.

There is usually a great deal of sickness among them, so that deaths are of frequent occurrence. I have often been called upon to go to see a sick person; but, when able, they usually come to see me themselves. One day it may be only a woman with a cut finger, which I will fix up in a bandage with some healing ointment and receive many blessings and thanks from her; another day it is a sick baby; and so on. One evening I was called at 11.30 to see a sick girl who was reported dying, and on arriving at her cabin found standing room only, as the Indians congregate at any sign of death. I soon cleared the room and did what I could for the girl, leaving some medicine to be given at stated times, and in a few days she was going around as lively as ever. They have great faith in white treatment, which helps some, as often one does not know or cannot find out from them just what the trouble is.

Another case was that of an Indian boy who had cut his knee while on his trap line. Two other boys brought him in forty miles by toboggan. As the accident had happened about two weeks before he arrived in town, I advised his relatives to take him out to Hazleton hospital. I fixed sufficient bandages and antiseptic dressings to last on the trip out. One morning they started on the journey, and were gone two days, when to my surprise they came back. They said the boy had imagined he was about to die and wished to die among his own people. I scolded, but to no avail. So the next thing was to procure a doctor, who came in due course, found blood poisoning and arranged to take the boy out with him. At the time of writing this he is still in the hospital, very much improved and not in any danger of dying, according to reports.

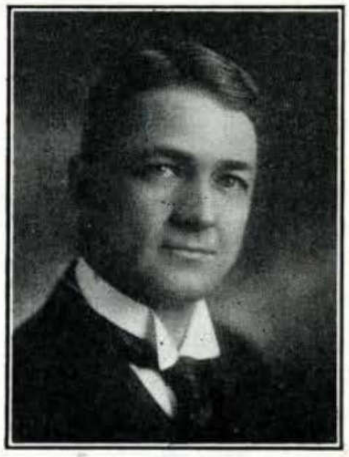
These are only a few of the cases one has to attend. Of course I do it on my own initiative. I like to help the natives all I can. When all is said and done the Indian, instead of being a great personage, is only a poor ignorant child; but sometimes he is a very clever man at that.

H. H. Hollier, Expert Drygoodsman

Trained in Exacting English School of Drapery Experience, He Rose from Apprenticeship to H.B.C. Merchandise Superintendent via the Merit Road.

By CLIFTON M. THOMAS
Publicity Department

HUBERT H. HOLLIER, for five years general merchandise superintendent of all H.B.C. department stores, is one of the most interesting personalities *The Beaver* has yet interviewed. Mr. Hollier's thought processes are featured by an unusual intensity. He has a "single track" mind. He concentrates with a penetrating keenness on whatever subject—important or trivial—happens to be engaging his attention. Perhaps this accounts for the fact that he is considered by his associates to be one of the most thorough men ever in the Service, and a man with a remarkable capacity for work.



H. H. Hollier, Esq.

Born at Moreton-in-Marsh, Gloucestershire, England, February 20th, 1878, Mr. Hollier entered early upon a hard schooling in the dry goods field. At the age of fifteen, he served a probationary year before beginning his apprenticeship with Newbury's Limited of Birmingham at the magnificent (?) wage of six shillings a week "*in lieu of meat and lodging.*" The rigorous service and exemplary conduct required of a draper's apprentice in England thirty years ago is indicated by the form of *indenture which Mr. Hollier was required to sign when he undertook to learn the dry goods business.

After finishing his apprenticeship and an additional term as improver, Mr. Hollier commenced his wider career by spending several years in some of the more important shops of London. He came to Canada in 1905. His first position on this side was with the C. Ross Company, of Ottawa. As general buyer of all departments for this firm, he crossed the Atlantic twenty-seven times in seven years. Going to Victoria in the Spring of 1913, he spent two and a half years with Angus Campbell & Company, of that city, and in the fall of 1915 entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company as assistant buyer of silks and dress goods at the Vancouver store. In 1916 he was promoted to buyer of this department, and in 1918 was transferred to the stores commissioner's office as general merchandise superintendent. In that capacity, Mr. Hollier made an extended trip to Europe in 1920 buying for all departments of the H.B.C. chain of stores. This was a time when merchandising was beset with difficulties. After the war, goods were at peak prices and very difficult to procure.

During 1922-23, Mr. Hollier accomplished much toward the standardization of staple merchandise and collective buying for all H.B.C. stores.

Mr. Hollier's intensive training and long experience in dry goods has given him a remarkable expertness in matters relating to piece goods and garments of all kinds. He is a savant of warp and woof; a sharp appraiser of loom products; a wizard in judging dry goods values. During his many inspections of stocks in H.B.C. western stores he has made countless friends; and his admirers say that of all his sterling qualities none perhaps is more outstanding than his absolute frankness and sincerity.

Mr. Hollier hopes in the not distant future to make a trip back to his old home county in England where he had his first hard schooling in the "art of drapery."

*EXTRACT FROM TYPICAL DRAPER'S APPRENTICE CONTRACT ON PARCHMENT, BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND, 1894.

" . . . *The said Apprentice his Master faithfully shall serve, his secrets keep, his lawful commands everywhere gladly do. He shall do no damage to his said Master nor see to be done of others, but to his power shall tell or forthwith give warning to his said Master of the same. He shall not waste the Goods of his said Master nor lend them unlawfully to any. He shall not contract Matrimony during the said Term nor play at Cards or Dice Tables or any other unlawful Games whereby his said Master may have any loss. With his own Goods or others during the said Term without License of his said Master, he shall neither buy nor sell. He shall not haunt Taverns or Playhouses nor absent himself from his said Master's service day or night unlawfully.* . . . "

And So It Goes—This afternoon my wife asked me to look over a letter she was sending to her aunt, and I noticed she had written the following: "Today we had another priest for dinner—no, we are not cannibals." In a post like this we often have visitors, and the hostess is sometimes at a loss to know just what to put on the table. Last week on Friday the Catholic missionary was at our house for his meals, and we had to remember that it was "fish day." We ourselves were eating ham, as we had some which we did not wish to go bad. In the afternoon a man, Mr. Camlot, arrived, and it looked as if we should have him also as a dinner guest. The "cook" said to me, "Mr. Camlot is not a Catholic, is he?" I replied, "No." Then she said, "Oh, then he can eat ham." I replied, "No, Mr. Camlot will not care for ham." (You see he is a Jew.) Visitors dropping in like this make it very often necessary to put another leaf in the table. Yesterday we had the cat with her kittens in the sitting room. They were trying, four of them, to get their supper from their

mother, and they were rather crowded. Through force of habit my wife remarked "Guess you had better help me put another leaf in the table." And so it goes.—*Weymontachingue.*

Personality in Business

A business man's philosophy of business, abstracted from an address before the Association for Education in Industry and Commerce, London

By P. A. BEST, Director of Selfridge & Co. Ltd.

SPEAKING not as a philosopher or as a sociologist, but as a business man and from the standpoint of the employer, I want to see personality developed to the utmost.

There is an apparent anomaly in advocating the development of personality in an industrial age when what industry seemingly requires from the worker is mechanical efficiency. Many may argue that personality in the individual worker would actually be a drawback to him in what is assumed to be his *role* as a producing machine. In the first place I would reply that society can derive no lasting benefit from any industry which regards its workers solely in that light. Workers are not merely "hands," though that term betrays the last century's attitude towards them. It is iniquitous for any employer to unfit his workpeople to take their proper places as citizens of their country, and that is precisely what suppression implies.

So much for the "humanitarian" argument, of which a very much smaller proportion of employers and managers require to be convinced than was the case a few years ago. An employer who drains or stultifies the spiritual resources of his employees is an enemy to society, whatever dividends he may pay.

But from the business point of view the case for the cultivation of the personality of each individual worker is equally strong, and I am using the word in its true meaning of the shining out from a man of what is essentially himself. In a distributive business the value of personality is self-evident, but even in the most mechanical of operations it is an asset. That self-expression is natural and desirable and the converse, that self-repression and colourless monotony are dangerous, is not difficult to illustrate from the history of industrial relations in this country and elsewhere.

A sense of personality engenders self-confidence, and it is the lack of self-confidence and of the sense of personal value which holds back men and women from using their full powers. The enormous waste which ensues can only be appreciated to the full by a personal examination of conditions and results in those works, factories and stores where the personality of each worker is given as free a scope as is possible.

Every executive should possess among his qualifications the power of encouraging and developing personality. Let those in authority be natural and self-expressive themselves. Eliminate the stiff, starchy formality which is too often a barrier between different grades of personnel. Strive as far as possible to destroy the factor of fear, which is a stumbling block to industrial and commercial progress.

Let petty tyrannies be discouraged. Place the workers under men who will be interested in them as human beings—men who can make friends with them. More than mechanical skill is necessary to make a good leader.

Encourage persistently the expression of ideas. Develop "outside" interests and instruments of self-expression—education, recreation and social amenities.

Above all, promote wherever possible. Make war on blind alley jobs. Let each job lead to the next.

The Importance of Service in Selling

T is well for the salesperson to remember that service is his or her chief mission in business. We are apt to forget this in slack times and become careless or lazy, and in rush hours the tendency is often to be abrupt and not so helpful as we otherwise might be.

The most important and most vital part of our organization is founded upon *Courtesy* and *Service*, which go a long way toward producing *Goodwill*. Our merchandise is standard. Our values are of the best. We advertise regularly. But other stores have good merchandise and good values and advertise daily also. Of course, sometimes an item or two may be sold here for less than a competitor can meet. That happens in other stores too. So that the only way we can out-distance our rivals is to give our customers more than merchandise. We must throw in an overflow of *Real Service.*

Each salesperson must do his or her part to the utmost every minute of the time they are on the job. At least try to know all you can about the goods you sell—where they are from, how they are made, what they consist of, what they are useful for. Be ready to answer any question about your merchandise in an intelligent manner. Greet your customer with a smile and a pleasant "Good morning, can I assist you?" or "Can I serve you to-day, madam?" Close the transaction with a "Thank you."

There are a hundred and one little ways to serve your customer so that she will have pleasant recollections of her visit to the store apart from the merchandise she bought. It is the human touch that counts in service. A thought the salesperson should remember is, "how much can I put into this sale?" not "how much can I make out of it?"

If you put the right kind of enthusiasm, the right kind of *Service* and the right kind of effort into your work, you will be successful and our customers will appreciate this store.—*T. F. Reith.*

H.B.C. Department Store News Notes

VANCOUVER

Everyday Happenings in the Post Office
By MISS NICHOLSON

A prospective American customer placed four American coppers on the stamp counter and said: "I'll have five 1-cent stamps," and, when asked for another copper to pay for the extra stamp, she said, "Oh! the exchange on the four will pay for that."

"Where is the post office?" asked a smart looking young lady, as she approached our stamp wicket.

A lady, hurrying along through the crowd, stopped short at the money order wicket and very excitedly shot this question at me: "Do you change here?" What did she mean?

The other day a very excited lady came to the wicket in great distress. "Oh! I just posted a letter in one of those boxes on the street corner. Will it go?" "Why, of course," she was told. "But when will it be collected?" "At 8 p.m. this evening." "Oh!" she said, with a sigh of relief, "I thought those boxes were only cleaned in the summer time."

We have no end of customers call each day who rap on the counter almost before they get there and greet you with, "Do you sell stamps?" A large printed sign "Post Office," "Stamps," "Money Orders" glaring at them from each wicket. Then, as if I were a mind reader, the customer deposits 25c and says, "Give me some." It never occurs to him that a good many denominations of stamps can be purchased for 25c. He almost looks through me when I ask what denomination.

Along came a lady for a money order. After a great deal of persuasion, I managed to obtain the necessary details of the order, but when I asked her who was sending the order, she looked at me in blank amazement and said, "Me." Then the struggle began again to find out who "me" was.

Many times I am very much aroused at persons bringing large bulky parcels to be weighed. They happen to be large, but light in weight. When told to put on 10c postage, they look at me as if I had only one day's experience and very much doubt my word; so they put on an extra 10c "just to be sure it gets there." Perhaps the very next person comes along with a small heavy parcel with possibly 4c in stamps on it, hands it in and says, "I guess there is enough postage on it." When told to put 6c more on, they make a grab for their parcel and declare that the general post office will send it for them for 4c.

Our parcel post box, not being very large, we have had a printed sign made for the benefit of the public which reads: "Box full, kindly turn your parcels in at stamp wicket." The majority walk over with their parcels to the box, look at it, read the sign, come back to the wicket and say, "The box says full. Is it?"

People figure we must know everything. A lady asked a few days ago whether the Pantages show was good this week. She wanted to go, but didn't want to gamble her money.

A man asked to have a letter registered the other day. He was told it would cost him 13c. After playing around with his money awhile, he exchanged it for 13c in stamps. Then, with stamps and letter in hand, he said, "Where shall I put them?"

A lady placed 5c on the counter and said, "I'll have a nickel's worth, please—a three and two odd ones." I wonder what she wanted.

A lady approached the money order wicket and in a very delicate tone of voice asked, "Will you kindly tell me what the fare to Aldergrove from here is, please?"

Don't make a meal off our stamps. Eat at our up-to-date dining room on the third floor.

The employees' lunch room is particularly inviting these days. It has been housecleaned from ceiling to floor and is greatly appreciated by those who bring their

own lunches with them. Tea, coffee, milk and sugar are provided by the management free of charge, and Mrs. Weaver, in charge of the room, is efficient and genial.

We are glad to welcome back to the store Mr. Jardine as head of the candy department.

W. J. Henderson, manager of the wallpaper department, is leaving to go with Bogardus Wickens & Company, where he expects to have a larger field to demonstrate his ability.

C. F. Adams, who has been manager of the candy department for approximately two years, has resigned.

A very enjoyable evening was spent at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mills on September 6th, when a miscellaneous shower was given in honor of Miss Bessie Stott, of the ribbon department, on the occasion of her coming marriage. Those present were: Mesdames T. McDonaldson, A. Fraser, B. Mercer, A. Mills, Mills, Selbie, A. Smith, J. A. Larkin, M. McConnell, H. Harrison, Jamieson; Misses E. M. Pope, E. Jamieson, E. M. Beatty, B. Jamieson, F. Clauson, A. B. Cairns, B. Blake, E. Ellis, E. M. Orr, M. Draper, M. G. Campbell, I. M. Sweet, V. Prendergast, K. Morton, A. Pope, I. M. Stott, O. Kelly. Miss Stott expects to be married on September 26th and will make her home in Vancouver.

KAMLOOPS

Miss Helen Whitelegg, formerly of the shoe department, recently became the bride of Mr. Wm. Currie.

Miss Alpha Carruthers was united in marriage to Mr. Daniel McGinn last month.

Two new members of the staff are Miss Elizabeth Baxter, groceteria, and Miss Annie Pattinson, shoe department.

Mr. Bone, of the Vernon store, has recently been transferred to this branch to take charge of the grocery department.

Miss Marie Sargent and Mr. Miller, together with friends, motored to the States, visiting all the coast cities. They say the trip was wonderful.

Miss Stella Cozens spent her vacation touring the Okanagan valley with her parents and fiance.

Misses Dougans and Muir are spending their vacation at Revelstoke.

Miss Mary Nixon is spending her vacation at Victoria. She seems to be quite interested in attending wedding ceremonies.

Miss Sanderson, of the ready-to-wear, spent her vacation at her home town, Macleod, Alberta.

Mr. Milne enjoyed his holidays going out to the lakes fishing.

Other members recently returned from their holidays are Miss Annie Sargent and Mr. Sell.

The European goods that we have opened up are exceptionally good this year, and we are very pleased with the purchases made by the various European buyers for us. We are confident that our customers will appreciate the selection and values we are able to offer them this fall.

EDMONTON

Girls of the office staff spent an enjoyable time after the store closed on Friday, September 8th, the occasion being a corn roast. Close to the banks of the Saskatchewan, in a shady nook among the trees, was the spot chosen for the event. The evening was whiled away with an impromptu burlesque concert. Some of the girls tried to rival Sarah Bernhardt and Clara Butt. Those present were: Edna Battersby, Mina Dunlop, Doris McLeod, Eva Moffit, Melisia Reid, May Megahy, Frances Dixon, Ada Love, Irene Whitton, Helena Ness, Helen Dominy, Nora Hare, Mollie Kirton, Jean McLeod and B. Mercier.

Ada Larson sprang a big surprise on the staff when she announced that she was married the night before. She could back it up, too, by exhibiting the plain gold band on her finger.

Miss Florence Fletcher, of the mail order department, has returned after two weeks' vacation, looking more hale and hearty than ever.

Miss Kathleen Roach, of the post office, is away enjoying a well earned rest. Her place is being efficiently filled by Miss F. Fletcher, while Miss Drew has taken over the latter's duties in the mail order department.

Miss Nellie Nicholson, stenographer in the advertising department, is now the proud possessor of a diamond ring, which she is wearing on the third finger of her left hand. Upon making enquiries, we find that it is indeed a fact; Nellie is engaged.

Mr. Davis, of the tailoring department, has returned after a three months' leave of absence visiting in the Old Country.

H. G. Munro, general manager, has left for a short vacation visiting Vancouver and Victoria.

Mr. Chasey, department manager of the men's clothing section, is away on a trip visiting eastern points.

Mr. Falkins, department manager of the fancy goods section, is away buying for the Christmas trade. Miss Gladys Wright is assuming the responsibility of the department during his absence.

We are pleased to welcome the following newcomers of the staff to our large family: Miss Hoyle to waist section, Miss Moreau to sports goods section, Miss McDougal to music department, Miss Barry to stationery department, and Mr. Rennie to the men's furnishings department.

Miss Maggie Meigle, of the photography department, has returned from a delightful vacation spent at the coast. It is also whispered that Maggie became engaged while on her holidays.

Messrs. Perrier and Wright, of the stationery department, have returned from an enjoyable vacation spent at Jasper park in the Rockies.

Miss Lily Hollowell, of the soap section, is progressing favorably after her serious fall, which necessitated her removal to the hospital.

Mrs. McLean, of the linen section, has returned to the store after three months in the hospital.

George Saunders, card writer, spent a short vacation at the coast.

Our fall opening news was too late for publication in this issue, but next month look for a general resume of this interesting event.

Miss Mae Doherty, department manager of the hosiery and gloves, has returned from vacation.

It was with deep regret we heard of the resignation of W. E. Johnson from the Company's service after seven years of activity with the Vancouver store and latterly at Edmonton. Upon his departure for Los Angeles, where he will in the future reside, he was presented with a gold watch as a small token of the esteem in which his co-workers held him. H. G. Munro, general manager, made the presentation.

SASKATOON

FASHION SHOW

The autumn fashion show staged by the H.B.C. Saskatoon store on September thirteenth and fourteenth was a magnificent success. The opening feature was a parade of models in the show windows on Wednesday evening which, in addition to showing apparel for women, also introduced the new fashions in men's wear. On Thursday and Friday afternoons the fashion show was staged in the *Imperial* restaurant, in connection with which afternoon tea was served. It is estimated that 2000 people witnessed the parade of models in the show windows, while the *Imperial* restaurant was crowded to capacity each afternoon. The models are all employees of the store. They are entitled to the highest praise for their creditable performances.

Congratulations to Mr. Wooton, shipper, and Mr. Edmunds, electrician. Both have baby boys to keep them awake o' nights.

Miss Doris Jee left to be married in Detroit, Mich. On Monday evening, September 17th, a miscellaneous shower was held in her honor at the home of Mrs. M. H. Hall, *nee* Miss Frances Leachman, a former member of the staff.

A warm welcome is extended to C. J. Atkinson, who assumes charge of hosiery,

gloves, small wares, drug sundries and jewelry departments. Mr. Atkinson comes from Montreal, where he was with Almeys, Limited.

H. G. Andrews, superintendent, is away on vacation. He hopes to enjoy a primitive life miles from civilization.

Things begin to look serious when a young lady from the office snatches a few minutes of her lunch hour to enjoy the blissful company of one of our promising young men.

We hear rumors of Miss Williamson, second floor, leaving for Scotland. Wonder if she is doing the desperate deed?

Mrs. Auderkirk is being transferred to Yorkton to take charge of the ready-to-wear department.

We are very curious to know why a lady in the notions has discarded her bicycle for a milk wagon and who is the fortunate man.

Mrs. Pearce and Miss Horrocks returned recently from their eastern buying trip.

The Saskatoon atmosphere evidently agrees with Mr. Watson. He has gained in avoirdupois to such an extent that it is impossible to find a chair in the office to hold him. Page the furniture repair man.

WINNIPEG

The fall opening, always an important event in the store calendar, has passed and we believe left a good impression on the minds of the public—an impression of our readiness to outfit people for Fall and Winter in the most fashionable manner, of our preparedness to equip the home with things that make for cosiness and beauty, of our ability to provide choice examples of the *new* in Hudson's Bay quality merchandise. Special half-page ads helped to carry the message across in an artistic manner. New window settings, the result of very painstaking work on the part of the display staff, were much admired.

R. J. Hughes, superintendent of H.B.C. Calgary store, was a welcome visitor for a few days during September. He spent part of his holiday renewing old friendships in the store, besides taking on one or two "'peggers" at golf.

Dave Coulter is away east on his first buying trip. He has been in charge of the men's and boy's clothing and furnishing departments during the enforced absence of Mr. Pearon and has "carried on" with great credit.

Mr. Frankish and Miss O'Grady are also away in eastern markets.

Miss Dennis has joined the migratory movement south, having departed recently for Detroit.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Ogston on the recent addition to their family. A bouncing boy was born on September 16th who gives every indication of being a vigorous Hudson's Bay product.

Mr. Lee, having departed for California, Mr. Browne has been promoted to fill the post of outside drapery salesman.

Things We Would Like to Know

Why F. Dodman does not drive home with G. Avison? Is Miss Beatty responsible?

Is it the *Hoover* that brings sunshine in a home, or the demonstrator? Ask Miss A——— P———, of department 3.

What happened to the cash register and the Ford?

Why Miss H. Pears just can't keep her mind on handbags when G. Foster is around.

Why Miss Tattersal stays in to sew every lunch hour.

Why two of our grocery boys visit Elmwood so regularly.

We hear Mr. Davison found it necessary when he went shooting to hire a truck to bring home the ducks. We intend hiring a scow and going down the river one of these days. We figure that we can secure a million or two ducks, according to the reports of all hunters who say, "I shot twenty, but lost that many more in the reeds."

Mr. Lathbury, of the carpet department, borrowed an axe from the hardware section to do a little fixing in his depart-

ment. As he returned it he was heard to remark, "She bought the rug!"

H.B.C. Historical Exhibit.

During August and September hundreds of visitors from many parts of the world passed through the Hudson's Bay Historical Exhibit at Winnipeg store. Here are a few of those who signed the register: H. S. Silvain, Rio de Janiero, Brazil; Miss Ruth Roland, Los Angeles, California; Mrs. J. T. Gulick, Honolulu; Dr. Kay Birket-Smith, Danish Arctic expedition; Z. P. Jococ Ilsen, Danish Arctic expedition. (The doctor very kindly presented an old flint-lock gun to the exhibit.) Frances Nicawa, Vancouver; J. E. Fawcett, Blacklin, County Cavan, Ireland; W. J. Rawson, Redcliffe-on-Trent, England. (Both these gentlemen are shareholders in the Hudson's Bay Company.) Mr. and Mrs. Nairn, South Australia; Judge Reynolds, Brockville, Ontario; P. Richmond, London, England, a director of the Company.

WHOLESALE-DEPOT NEWS

It is with deep regret we report the death of Mr. Chas. B. Keighley, of the wholesale office staff. The funeral, which took place at St. James cemetery, was largely attended, Messrs. Knowles and Stevens acting with the pallbearers and together with Mr. O. Thompson representing the wholesale staff. We are very glad to have known a man of Mr. Keighley's calibre, and the sincere sympathy of all the staff goes out to Mrs. Keighley and the family in their loss.

The noon-hour cribbage fiends are in clover now that they have the new dining room to play in. We looked in a day or two ago, and after peering through the fog from Teddy Kinsman's wee pipe and Dan's gasper, found a terrific battle being waged between H. Wells, T. Kinsman and Bob Findlay. We could not wait for the climax—Teddy's pipe was too much.

Perhaps, if the city order expert had taken along the old whiz-bang battery to Teulon, the execution amongst the ducks would have been greater.

CALGARY

STYLE SHOW

The Hudson's Bay Company's fashion exposition in Calgary is getting to be the style event of the season. The exposition put on at the store and Capitol theatre September 13th, 14th and 15th attracted the attention of every Calgary woman interested in the styles. As usual, the sixth floor restaurants were filled on Thursday and Friday afternoons, and the theatre was packed all three evenings.

Every year the models improve in their work. Mrs. Clarke, ready-to-wear buyer, has been fortunate in retaining a goodly number of girls from year to year, so that most of them have become quite experienced, which shows up in the quality of their work.

This year a color scheme of red, gold and black was used in decorations for the windows and in special decorations for the exposition, making a very effective color combination and one which provided the rich atmosphere characteristic of Autumn fabrics and styles.

Those acting as models this year were: *The Misses Athey, McColl, Rankin, Bradley, Smith, Lawrence, O'Neil, Lay, Thain, Pryke, Thorne, Rogers; Mesdames Jenson, Lewis, Adshead and Langille.*

An extra large number of costumes were displayed this year, among them many interesting features. The contrast between the Victorian style of the gowns and the severely straight lines of the suits and dresses seemed to be a surprise to those who viewed the exposition. Particularly striking was the return of the crinoline as portrayed by one model at the commencement of the theatre showing.

I.O.D.E. DAY

At Calgary the Colonel Macleod Chapter I.O.D.E. is raising money to erect a memorial statue to Alberta men who lost their lives in the Great War. By working hard the ladies had secured sufficient money to pay for everything except the inscription tablet to be fastened at the base of the monument; and on Saturday, September 15th, the H.B.C. Calgary store was turned over to the chapter for the day's business, and five percent of the sales for that day were given to the order to help finish paying for the completed monument.

A special window was decorated for the occasion and special advertising was prepared. A member of the chapter was in charge of each department in the store, together with one or two assistants.

THE AGE OF PATENT MEDICINES

By J. H. ROBINSON

Did you ever pause to think,
As you sit at meat and drink,
That with every single mouthful that you swallow
Come the pains and aches and ills,
And the fever and the chills,
That the doctors prophesy are bound to follow?

If you eat of prunes or sago
You will surely get lumbago;
And beer or wine affects the jumbledorum.
And a simple glass of stout
Will inflict you with the gout;
While candy atrophies the applecorem.

And it seems that fish and meat,
Though so sparingly you eat,
Are poison to the hanky-panky lesions.
Cut out fruit and nuts and cheese,
Drink no coffee, milk or teas,
And await your call to less restricted regions.

But with all these ills to cope,
While there's life there still is hope—
Read the papers re the patent pill and potion
That will cure all your ills,
Pains and aches and fever chills.
Go and buy some just whene'er you get the notion.

There's Chase and Dodd's and Minards,
With their doses for your "innards,"
And pepsodent and aspirin and lye,
Various oils and emulsions
To encourage your propulsions,
And keep you going strong until you die.

But, tell me if you can,
Did you ever meet a man
Who, when his time had come to cross the bar,
Or whose neck was in the rope,
Could be saved by all the dope
That ever came from tin, or pot or jar?

Order a Binder for Your "Beavers"--60c

EVERYONE who is genuinely interested in our little family magazine will wish to preserve a complete set of VOLUME III. The numbers issued up to date should prove a valuable historical record, not alone of the Company and its employees during 1922-23, but of H.B.C. achievements in years gone by.

We offer for the nominal sum of 60c, postpaid, a practical, handy loose-leaf binder cover for Vol. III of *The Beaver* (12 numbers and General Index). The construction is of a sturdy green canvas-covered board. When you receive your binder it will be necessary to punch three holes in the margin of all your copies of the magazine to correspond with holes in the binder. A common shoe lace does the binding.

Order your binder NOW through Associate Editor at your branch, or write:

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY
79 MAIN STREET WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

QUALITY PIPES

THESE genuine French Briar Pipes have long been the standard of supreme pipe quality. Every one of them is made from a selected piece of briar root that has aged two years in the rack-drying room of Marechal, Ruchon & Co's factory in France, before it is shaped by them, with the care and skill born of over half a century of pipe making, into a perfect GBD pipe.

Here is real pipe value—character, distinction and cool, sweet smoking quality. GBD pipes are advertised throughout Canada. They are the choice of discriminating smokers everywhere.

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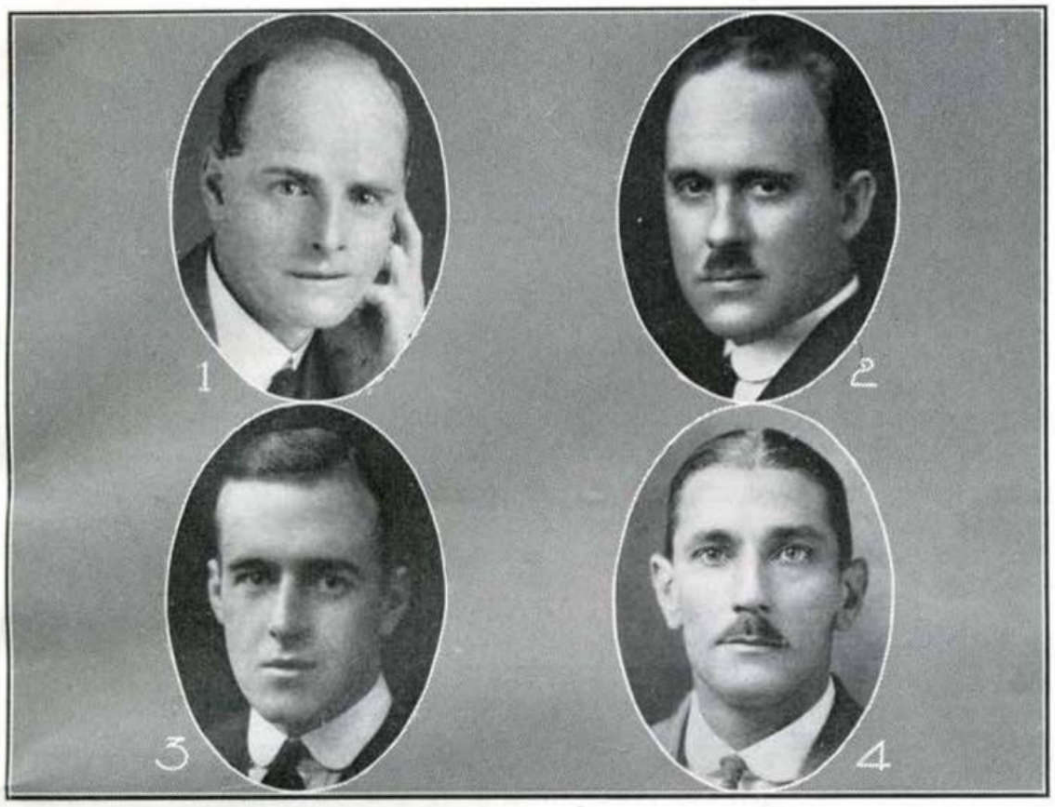
Wholesale Department



Officers of H.B.C. at London and Montreal

(1) J. C. ATKINS (manager, Montreal buying office)—Mr. Atkins entered the Company's service on 1st January, 1906, and was assigned to the old shipping department at Lime Street. In 1911, he was transferred to the Company's export agency, of which he became manager in April, 1913. During 1918, the export agency was dissolved, and the export department was established once again at Lime Street. Mr. Atkins resigned from the Company to take up an appointment abroad on 31st December, 1919. In June, 1922, he resumed service with the H.B.C., and was entrusted with the classification and cataloguing of the Company's records. During the past few months Mr. Atkins has once more been associated with his old department as acting manager, and he has now been appointed manager of the Company's buying office in Montreal.

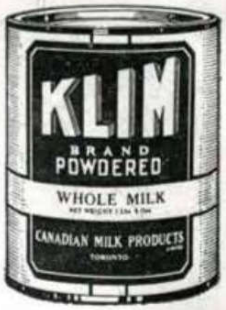
(2) V. W. ELPHICK—Mr. Elphick is known both in Canada and in London in connection with the Company's Kamchatka expeditions. He came to the Company from an old established firm of fur merchants and dressers in the Spring of 1920, and was sent out to the Near East with a view to getting Russian furs via the Caucasus. Subsequently he proceeded to the Far East (Japan and Kamchatka), and has since been engaged in the Company's fur trading operations in the northeast of Asia.

(3) F. A. STACPOLE (Accountant)—Mr. Stacpole was born in South Africa, but came to England and graduated at New College, Oxford. He joined the army in August, 1914, and was severely wounded the following year, suffering the loss of a leg. He later held a commission in the East Yorkshire regiment. His professional qualifications were obtained whilst in the employ of two of the leading firms of chartered accountants in London. Coming into the Company's service in the Autumn of 1922, Mr. Stacpole has had little leisure to spare for hobbies, but confesses to being a student of history and politics.

E-710 (4) J. R. DREW (Registrar)—Mr. Drew joined the Company's service in May, 1906, and was posted to the transfer office. In 1913, he had worked his way to the head of the department and was appointed registrar. He reorganized the system of keeping the Company's transfer books and brought his department thoroughly up to date. He was severely wounded in the Great War, and lost his right hand through the explosion of a bomb, but nevertheless was able to resume his duties with the Company. During the period of upheaval following the armistice, he was sent out to the Black Sea and Caucasus regions on special missions. Mr. Drew, who used to be a devotee of lacrosse, is now keen on hunting and swimming.

KLIM

POWDERED WHOLE MILK



Less Weight and Bulk Means More Milk

Have your milk supply in Klim form, then, wherever you go, water is all you need to have fresh liquid milk at a moment's notice.

Klim is the ideal form of milk for all purposes. It is incomparably more convenient. You mix as much or as little as you need at the moment—the remainder will keep fresh in the original tin.

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347 ADELAIDE STREET WEST, TORONTO

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Indecision Ends in Tragedy

when one "can't see his way" till on his deathbed to provide insurance for his wife and family; and it usually happens that a man who will not save enough to pay a small life or endowment premium has not saved in any other way.

Look into the faces of those dependents and calmly contemplate their plight in the event of a sudden end to your ability to help them. The Great-West Life can help you to complete protection with maximum insurance benefits, at the least outlay.

The Great-West Life Assurance Company

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